



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART, — TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1804.

ESSAYS.

ON SOCIAL SOCIETY.

O! let every one, that would be inscribed on statues a father of the state, dare curb ungovernable licentiousness.

THE consequences resulting from *Social Society*, are not all easily enumerated. Happy for the world, exclaims reason, that mankind were formed for friendly intercourse; that the two sexes, in their tempers and dispositions, are so wisely fitted for the company of each other. The one, glowing with sentiments of tenderness, being, by the God of nature, designed to soften the harshness, to allay the furious passions and temper the heart of the other sex: And from thence, at the same time to acquire and confirm principles of fortitude, resolution and enterprise. Blessed indeed must be *United America*, says the voice of nations, while she enjoys such a rich harvest of privileges. But, alas! what begins to be the language of experience? How are blessings expressly perverted to purposes, generant of vices—of deadly crimes? Instead of grateful breathings to the great benefactor of man, for vast inlets of benefits; how frequently do we hear the infant from the cradle, lisping such oaths, such horrid blasphemies, as at once, to torture the ear, and to wring drops of agony from the heart? Malice, uncurbed, swells the veins, colours up the countenance to crimson, and thirsts for revenge—nay for duels, for human blood. No more, are the haggard forms of drunkenness and riot ashamed to totter or rage full in public view—no more afraid to pollute sacred things. Hear the noise of criminal sport and carousing on holy time; but lo! how are the seats in the sanctuary empty? The ear readily listens to the charms of slander, that serpent of society, while it strikes its venom into the vitals of the fairest character. Will any call these mere chimeras? Ye men of candor, cast an impartial eye, at the great towns and cities of our country. How brothels abound, how bribery prevails, how the love of virtue decays? Are not these days, the days of corruption—these times, the times

of lamentation? Men act without reflection, are party politicians without knowledge, prejudice and partiality becomes the *urim* and *thummim* of action; thus ignorance poisons happiness. Only look at the family circle: Idleness begins to assume a comely complexion, and frugality yields to extravagance. Unprincipled, unliberalized by education, how often are the females' faculties exerted to enkindle anger in the bosom of a spouse or relative; and how often do they, in return, receive an hurricane of passionate language, rank with imprecations? Irregularities open the door, morals become impure, and sorrows succeed. Make the inquiry, why are so many young *American* fair veiled in eternal dishonor, and silenced with shame—why does the bosom of so many mothers heave with grief—why are they so often sunk in tears? For what reason is the parent so often called to grieve for the vices of his offspring, or to mourn over their grave as one that has no hope? Experience makes the reply—it is corrupt society. Could its members speak from the grave, they would pronounce it the school of iniquity—could they rise from the dead, they would convince us it were the eternal death of myriads. Alas! at the thought, my emotions swell within me. Methinks, I can listen to the cries of millions, dating from those moments their inevitable ruin. Seeing, in the mirror of natural events, the agonies of future victims, our blood runs cold within us—our eyes sparkle with pain. O my countrymen! where are fled the pure morals, the ardent friendships of our forefathers, where their simplicity of manners? Must we bid them, *adieu forever*? No:—let us arouse from this state of lethargy—let us be awake to the interests of society—active in rescuing our favorites from misery, constantly arrayed against the host of enormities. They are striking a deadly blow at the heart of our country—at the soul of liberty. How long, ere the land of our fathers, the price of blood, the hitherto delight and caress of heaven, must, like other empires of corruption, sink into anarchy? How long ere the lustre of its glories must be eclipsed; and the floods of vice overflow and break down the standard of virtue and of the

rights of man? 'Tis no great flight of fancy, to ken such scenes already opening—already to hear the alarm of danger. But heaven avert the omen—let not the flashes blast, before the thunders reach us—let not the earth open to swallow us, before we hear or feel its quakings. How fell almighty Rome? Into what a sink of luxuries was she plunged, before that fatal hour? What a period of cruelty and bloodshed, tragic scenes after scenes innumerable, succeeded? Vast hordes of *barbarians* break in and scour the boasted land of liberty, demolish the temples of science, bathe themselves in freemen's blood:—nay whole cities sink before them. Hence the *feudal system* ushers into practice. No security for the peasant, but to shelter under the armour of a great lord; whence he is driven into long unnatural wars. The sword is made the arbiter of disputes, and a contempt for humanity is valour. The darkness of night is a sufficient covert for the blackest crimes—while the noise of rapine and riot resound through the streets—while the affrighted females listen to sister shrieks of torture. Their virtue ever assaulted, by the grim shapes of violence—death hails every one at the door. No taste for refinements; no honor, if not written in characters of blood. such was once the confused state, such the awful bondage of *Europe*. Latterly how is *Poland* dismembered? What must *America* be? Patriots, think and tremble. How many ages hence, must posterity hang their harps upon the willows, and mourn on the banks where the streams of liberty flow no more? Are these wild surmises! Would to God they were—that society, by its impurities, might never after ruin an individual nor people.

Next to bad society is no society at all. It is a sore evil of our country, that education does not keep pace with increasing population. What makes distinctions among individuals? Once familiar mates, now no correspondence—once agreeable to each other, now hateful. To reflect that the one is refined, the other in a state of nature—the one an enlightened member of society, the other a rude rustic, we no longer wonder. Accomplishments will ever attract esteem.

View a person residing behind the mountains, willingly secluded from all society, or a person in the midst of the community, but never mingling with company—what's his disposition, what's his knowledge, what's his sentiments of generosity and kindness, in a word, what is his usefulness? Wedded to a thousand prejudices, he is a mere cypher in the world—his manners tinctured with brutal sports, he may call oddity his companion.

On the contrary, to frequent *good society* whose lights are education, and whose pillars are virtue, probity, friendship, and religion—adds to a person's enjoyments, refines his manners and reforms the heart. It is like drinking full draughts at springs of medicinal qualities; where all diseases find a remedy. It purges the imagination of whimsical notions—humanizes the feelings—liberalizes the sentiments of worth and greatness—corrects false ideas of honor—leads to an acquaintance with human nature, with the world—and creates a taste for refinements and the liberal arts. Such society is the health of mankind. It inspires a spirit of neatness, of enterprise, of affection. I appeal to its votaries, whether it does not tend greatly to increase their information—to ground them in principles of integrity, and in virtuous morals, to enable them to view, unmoved, the frowns and flatteries of a giddy populace, to raise their thoughts above trivial afflictions, and through the philosophy of nature, to look calmly on the strange events of fate? Narrow minds startle at every novel sound or shadow. Much, therefore, is the dayspring of such society to be desired. All hail America, at its dawn. Heavenly qualities and virtues must influence the heart, as the spring of action—pure merits alone make the grades in preferment—and vice be treated as a dire monster. Yes, her liberties may rest, then, upon the Andes of safety; her name be extensive with the Sun's rays; and her glories grow up to the Heavens. *A Friend to Society.*

BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

[Concluded from Page 19.]

HE was bound by Mr. Ingram, of Bell-alley, to M. John Dudbridge. His brother George paid five shillings for Robert, by way of form, as a premium. Dudbridge was their landlord, and a freeman of the city of London. He acted most honorably, and took no advantage of the power which the indenture gave him. George Bloomfield staid with Robert until he found he could work as expertly as himself.

Mr. George Bloomfield adds, "When I left London, he was turned of eighteen; and much of my happiness since has arisen from a constant correspondence which I have held with him.

"After I left him, he studied music, and was a good player on the violin.

"But as my brother Nathan married a Woolwich woman, it happened that Robert took a fancy to a comely young woman of that town, whose father is a boat-builder in the government yard there. His name is Church.

"Soon after he married, Robert told me, in a letter, that 'he had sold his fiddle, and got a wife.' Like most poor men, he got a wife first, and had to get household stuff afterwards. It took him some years to get out of ready furnished lodgings. At length, by hard working, &c. he acquired a bed of his own, and hired the room up one pair of stairs, at 14, Bell-alley, Coleman-street. The landlord kindly gave him leave to sit and work in the light garret, two pair of stairs higher."

In this garret, amid six or seven other workmen, his active mind employed itself in composing the *Farmer's Boy*.

"In my correspondence I have seen several poetical effusions of his; all of them of a good moral tendency; but which he very likely would think do him little credit: on that account I have not preserved them.

"Robert is a ladies' shoemaker, and works for Davies, Lombard-street. He is of a slender make: of about 5 feet 4 inches high; very dark complexion—his mother, who is a very religious member of the church of England, took all the pains she could in his infancy to make him pious: and as his reason expanded, his love of God and man increased with it. I never knew his fellow for mildness of temper, and goodness of disposition. And since I left him, universally is he praised by those who knew him best, for the best of husbands, an indulgent father, and quiet neighbor. He is about thirty-two years old, and has three children."

Mr. George Bloomfield concludes this clear, affectionate, and interesting narrative by a very kind address to the writer of this preface. But, pleased as I am with the good opinion of a man like him, I must not take praise to myself for not having neglected or suppressed such a work when it came into my hands. And I have no further merit than that of seeing what it was impossible for an unprejudiced mind not to see, and of doing what it was impossible not to do.

But I join with him cordially in his prayer, "that God, the giver of thought, may, as mental light spreads, raise up many who will turn a listening ear, and will not despise

'The short and simple annals of the poor.'

Very few words will complete what remains to be added.

Struck with the work, but not less struck with the remark, which is become a proverb, of the Roman satirist, that 'it is not easy for those to emerge to notice, whose circumstances obscure the observation of

their merits,' I sent it to a friend, whom I knew to be above these prejudices, and who has deserved, and is deserving, well of the public, in many other instances, by his attention to literature and the elegant arts. He immediately expressed an high satisfaction in it, and communicated it to Messrs. Vernor and Hood. They adopted it upon terms honorable to themselves, and satisfactory to the author, and to me in his behalf. They have published it in a manner which speaks abundantly for itself; both as to the typographical accuracy and beauty, and the good taste and execution of the ornaments in wood.

I have no doubt of its reception with the public: I have no doubt of its going down to posterity with honor; which is not always the fate of productions which are popular in their day.

Thus much I know—that the author with a spirit amiable at all times, and which would have been revered by antiquity, seems far less interested concerning any fame or advantage he may derive from it to himself, than in the pleasure of giving a printed copy of it, as a tribute of duty and affection, to his mother; in whose pleasure, if it succeeds, his filial heart places the gratification of which it is most desirous. It is much to be a poet, such as he will be found—it is more to be such a man. CAPEL LOFFT.

AMUSING.

A CURIOUS LOVE-LETTER.

MADAM,

Most worthy of estimation! After long consideration and much meditation of the great reputation you possess in the Nation, I have a strong inclination to become your Relation. On your approbation of this declaration, I shall make a preparation to remove my situation to a more convenient station to profess my admiration; and if such oblation is worthy of observation and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandization, beyond all calculation, of the joy and exultation, Of Yours,

SANS DISSIMULATION.

THE ANSWER.

SIR,

I perused your oration with much deliberation and a little consternation, at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to show such veneration on so slight a foundation. But, after examination and serious contemplation, I suppose your animation was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation to display your education, by an odd enumeration, or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination, though of great variation, in each respective signification.

Now, without disputation, your laborious application, to so tedious an occupation, de-

serves commendation: and thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am, without hesitation,

Yours,

MARY MODERATION.

[From Carr's *Stranger in France*.]

A LITTLE anecdote is related of Bonaparte, which unfolded the bold, and daring character of this extraordinary man in early life; when he was about sixteen years of age, and a cadet in the military school at Paris—by the by, the small distance between this seminary and his present palace, and the swiftness of his elevation, afford a curious co-incidence—in the vast plain of Champ de Mars, the Court, and the Parisians were assembled to witness the ascent of a balloon. Bonaparte made his way through the crowd, and unperceived entered the inner fence which contained the apparatus, for inflating the silken globe. It was then very nearly filled, and restrained from its flight by the last cord only. The young cadet requested the aeronaut to permit him to mount the car with him; which request was immediately refused, from an apprehension that the feelings of the boy might embarrass the experiment. Bonaparte is reported to have exclaimed, "I am young, it is true, but I neither fear the power of earth, nor of air, and sternly added, "will you let me ascend?" The aeronaut, a little offended at his obtrusion, sharply replied, "No, Sir, I will not; I beg that you will retire." Upon which the little enraged officer drew a small sabre, which he wore with his uniform, instantly cut the balloon in several places, and destroyed the curious apparatus, which the aeronaut had constructed, with infinite labor and ingenuity, for the purpose of trying the possibility of aerial navigation.

Paris was almost unpeopled this day, to view the spectacle. The disappointment of the populace, which was said to have exceeded seven hundred thousand persons, became violent and universal. The king sent to know the reason of the tumult, when the story was related to him, the good humored monarch laughed heartily and said, "Upon my word that impetuous boy, will make a brave officer."—The devoted king little thought that he was speaking of his successor.—The young offender was put under arrest, and confined for four days.

This man is certainly the phenomenon of the present times. It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that the artillery has furnished France with most of its present distinguished heroes, who have also been bred up in the same military school with Bonaparte. A short time before my arrival at Paris, this great genius, who displays a perfect knowledge of mankind, and particularly of the people over whom he rules, discovered that the Parisians, from a familiarity with his person, and from his lady and his

family having occasionally joined in their parties of amusement, began to lose that degree of awe and respect for him, which he so well knows how to appreciate, as well as to inspire. In consequence of this, he gradually retired from every circle of fashion, and was at this period, almost as inaccessible as a Chinese Emperor. The same line of conduct was also adopted by the principal officers of government. He resided almost wholly at Malmaison, except on state days when only those strangers were permitted to be introduced to him, who had satisfied the ambassadors of their respective nations, that they had been previously presented at their own courts.

ANECDOTES.

A Portuguese, who from obscurity had raised himself by the most distinguished merit to the peerage of that kingdom, being in company with several of the most ancient families in Lisbon, become the object of their wit and raillery, on account of his infant nobility.—With a design therefore to pique him in the tenderest point, they turned their discourse alone on the honor derived from nobility of birth, each extolling the great achievements of his distinguished ancestors in the warmest terms of panegyric. At last it came to this nobleman, as is the custom of the country, to give his sentiments; when the rest of the company were scarcely able to contain themselves from open laughter, expecting that he must leave the room in extreme disorder.—But how great was their astonishment, and even their shame, when this truly illustrious personage with the greatest composure and good humor, addressed them thus: "My lords, I acknowledge that all of you have given a very flattering account of your ancestors' immortal deeds; but from this I can only gather, that the honors you enjoy, were thus simply delivered by hereditary succession into your hands; but, my lords, my plea, thank heaven, is widely different: I have the virtuous satisfaction of saying more than you all; that I have obtained all my honors by my own immediate actions, and shall therefore have the supreme pleasure of transmitting them, unsullied, to my successors, for them to boast of."

A well chosen anecdote frequently reveals a character more happily than an elaborate delineation;—as a glance of lightning will sometimes discover what had escaped us in a full light.—A curious instance will enforce this observation. The character of Oliver Cromwell, long exercised the historical talents of European writers. Some French academicians have drawn his character with admirable refinement.—Gregorio Leti amused with agreeable fictions. Ragueneau tires with dry truths. At home, volumes on volumes have wearied curiosity.

All these writers would persuade us that he was an artful mixture of the politician and the hypocrite. A single anecdote lets us more into the genius of the man than this multiplicity of volumes. When he was with some select friends, enjoying a convivial hour, a confidential servant enters and announces a body 'of the elect.' 'Tell them,' says Cromwell in the language of fanaticism—"tell them we are seeking for the Lord. These folks think," continues he, looking under the table, "that I am seeking for the Lord while I am only seeking for the cork screw."

A widow who had been taught by the declarations of her deceased husband to believe that he would make a will much in her favour, after his death found upon opening his testament that he had acted very differently, and excluded her from the property she expected to possess. She made known her disappointment to her female servant, who cheered her spirits by assuring her that the effect of the will might be avoided, and a new one easily framed. The mistress desired to know by what means? The maid answered that there was a poor fellow named *Tom the Barber* in the neighborhood, who much resembled her late master, and that for a small sum he would feign himself a dying man. If therefore an attorney was provided, and proper witnesses, a will subsequent of the date of the true one, which consequently would supersede it, might be made. Tom was sent for accordingly, and agreed to play his part. The parties were summoned, the attorney attended, and the supposed expiring husband dictated his last testament to be framed according to the wishes and interests of his imaginary wife, for some time; but at length he proposed, that as he had until then complied with her desires, he might leave one legacy according to his own, which was, five hundred pounds to *Tom the Barber*: and to prevent a discovery of the fraud, the lady was obliged to consent to the proposal, and faithfully to pay the money to the proposer, in order, to insure his secrecy.

When Themistocles went to Andros to demand a sum of money, he said, "I bring two gods with me, *Force* and *Persuasion*." He was answered, "we have two stronger, *Want* and *Impossibility*."

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POETRY.

THE VILLAIN—MAN.

Spoken by a Mother to an Infant Daughter.

THY rest is mild, my darling child—
Thy visions bright, thy pillow smooth,
And sweet the smile, that plays the while,
And dimples round thy coral mouth.
But not so mild, my darling child,
Will be thy rest—it never can!
If e'er you prove, like me the love,
And friendship of the villain—Man!

Yet be thy rest, thy visions blest,
Blest though with grief I sigh sincere;
Though oft these sighs, for thee arise,
Oft mingle with thy milk, a tear.
Oh! could my breast, thy bed of rest
Forever be, that I might fan
In thee, those fires that heaven inspires,
And shield them from the villain—Man!

It makes me sigh, to think that I
Could once have slept as sound as thee;
And sadly weep, to think that sleep
Shall never more my portion be.
To win my love, thy father strove,
And veil'd with seeming truth his plan:
But, ah! betray'd, a witless maid—
The villain—oh! the villain—Man!

And thus with art, child of my heart!
Will he diffuse the lying smile,
And call each prayer, the Gods to hear,
And thy unpractis'd heart beguile.
Wait not to prove, child of my love!
Wait not his profer'd vows to scan:
Be thine to fly, or you will sigh,
And curse, like me, the villain—Man!

To deserts wild, my darling child!
Be thine with innocence to fly;
And like the buds, that gem the woods,
Bloom only to the vernal sky.
Soft lingering there, with tender care,
Thy mother's spirits oft shall fan
These holy fires, that heaven inspires,
And guard thee from the villain—Man!

[The following elegant Song, is extracted from a new publication, entitled "RURAL TALES," by Robert Bloomfield, author of the much admired "Farmer's Boy."]

YOU ask me, dear Nancy, what makes me presume
That you cherish a secret affection for me?
When we see the flow'rs bud, don't we look for the bloom?

Then, sweet maid, attend, while I answer to thee.

When we young men with pastimes the twilight beguile,

I watch your plump cheek 'till it dimples with joy;
And observe, that whatever occasions the smile,
You give me the glance, but provokingly coy.

Last month, when wild strawberries pluck'd in the grove,

Like beads on the tall seeded grass you had strung;
You gave me the choicest—I hop'd 'twas for love—
And told you my hopes while the nightingale sung.

Remember the viper;—'twas close at your feet,
How you started, and threw yourself into my arms;
Not a strawberry there was so ripe nor so sweet
As the lips which I kiss'd to subdue your alarms.

As I pull'd down the clusters of nuts for my fair,
What a blow I receiv'd from a strong bending bough;

Though Lucy and other gay lasses were there,
Not one of them show'd such compassion as you.

And was it compassion?—Ah! yes it was more!
A tell-tale betrays you;—that blush on your cheek;
Then come, dearest maid, all your trifling give o'er,
And whisper what candor will teach you to speak.
Can you stain my fair honor with one broken vow?
Can you say that I ever occasion'd a pain?
On truth's honest base let your tenderness grow;
I vow to be faithful, again and again.

MELANCHOLY.

(THERE is a charm no joys bestow,
Nor rank, nor wealth impart;
'Tis when the tear is stealing slow,
And softly sighs the heart.
Oft have I watch'd the evening sky,
Where rose the silver bow;
My bosom heav'd—I knew not why,
And tears began to flow.
Ah! then I thought that mirth was folly,
Thine was the charm—sweet Melancholy.

Ye hearts of stone, that think no bliss
Can glisten in a tear,
Who think the love that sighs a kiss
Inspid and severe:
Ah! ne'er was turn'd on you, ye cold,
The dew'd and tender eye;
The warmest love that e'er was told,
Was breath'd upon a sigh.
Mirth is deceit, and laughter folly,
Bliss wafts the sigh of Melancholy.

MORAL AND USEFUL.

THE DIFFICULTY OF ACQUIRING TRUTH.

NOTHING is more difficult than the acquisition of truth. Born in weakness and ignorance, we necessarily depend on others for support and direction. The expansion of our minds, as well as of our bodies, is intrusted to the care of our parents. Nature puts us, pliant as osier, susceptible as wax, into the hands of others. They mould us, they influence our minds, they prescribe our principles, they infuse into us their own prejudices. The very air we breathe is infected. Before we begin to reason, we are nursed in error, and wedded to delusions. Our sight is obscured. Our powers are cramped. The spirit of investigation is lost in blind attachment to prevailing opinions. We think as we are taught. We cling to the leading strings when we are old enough to walk alone. Ancient systems grow into us, incorporate themselves with our minds, and become a part of us; and it is as painful to renounce them, as to hew the limbs from our bodies. It requires strength and courage greater than heroes have exerted, to cast away our shackles, to rise above the clouds of prejudice, to open our eyes wide to the light, to silence our attachments and aversions, and to hear the solemn voice of truth.

PRIDE FILLS THE WORLD WITH HARSHNESS AND SEVERITY.

LET me advise you to view your character with an impartial eye, and to learn, from your own failings, to give that indulgence which in your turn you claim. It is pride which fills the world with so much harshness and severity. In the fulness of self-

estimation, we forget what we are, we claim attentions to which we are not entitled. We are rigorous to offences, as if we had never offended, unfeeling to distress, as if we knew not what it was to suffer. From those airy regions of pride and folly, let us descend to our proper level. Let us survey the natural equality on which providence has placed man with man, and reflect on the infirmities common to all. If the reflection on natural equality and mutual offences be insufficient to prompt humanity, let us at least consider what we are in the sight of God. Have we none of that forbearance to give one another, which we all so earnestly entreat from heaven? Can we look for clemency or gentleness from our Judge when we are so backward to shew it to our own brethren.

CURE FOR A CONSUMPTION.

A young lady, in the last stage of a consumption, was lately restored to health by the following extraordinary and accidental remedy:—She had been long attended by the faculty, but derived no benefit from their assistance, and considered herself verging to the end of existence, when she retired, during last summer, to the vale of Taunton Dean, in Somersetshire, with intention to wait, in solitude, the hour of approaching dissolution. Whilst in that situation, it was her custom to rise as early as her malady would permit, and contemplate the beauties of nature from her chamber window, from which she observed a dog belonging to the house, with scarcely any flesh on his bones, owing to disease, constantly go and lick the dew off a cammomile bed in the garden; in doing which the animal was noticed to alter its appearance, to recover strength, and finally, look plump and well. The singularity of the circumstance was impressed strongly on the lady's mind, and induced her to try what effect might be produced from following the example of the quadruped. She accordingly procured dew from the same bed of cammomile, drank a small quantity every morning, and after continuing to do so for some time, experienced a wonderful relief; her appetite became regular, she found a return of spirits, and in the end, was completely cured.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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